A PERFECT DESCRIPTION OF THE PEOPLE AND COUNTREY OF Scotland.

LONDON.
Printed for *Rich. Lownds.*
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A Perfect Description of SCOTLAND.

FIrst for the Country, I must confess it is good for those that possess it, and too bad for others, to be at the charge to conquer it. The air might be wholsom, but for the stinking People that inhabit it. The ground might be fruitful, had they wit to manure it.

Their Beasts be generally small, Women only excepted, of which sort there are none greater in the whole world. There is great store of Fowl

too, as foul-houſes, foul-ſheets, foul-linen, foul-diſhes and pots, foul-trenchers, and napkins; with which ſort, we have bin forced to ſay, as the children did with their fowl in the wilderneſs. They have good ſtore of fiſh too, and good for thoſe that can eat it raw; but if it come once into their hands, it is worſe than if it were three days old: For their Butter and Cheeſe, I will not meddle withal at this time, nor no man elſe at any time that loves his life.

They have great ſtore of Deer, but they are ſo far from the place where I have been, that I had rather believe, than go to diſprove it: I confeſs, all the Deer

I met withal, was dear Lodgings, dear Horſe-meat, and dear Tobaco, and *Engliſh* Beer.

As for Fruit, for their Grandſire *Adams* ſake, they never planted any; and for other Trees, had *Chriſt* been betrayed in this Country, (as doubtleſs he ſhould, had he come as a ſtranger) *Judas* had ſooner found the Grace of Repentance, than a Tree to hang himſelf on.

They have many Hills, wherein they ſay is much treaſure, but they ſhew none of it; Nature hath only diſcovered to them ſome Mines of Coal, to ſhew to what end he created them.

I saw little Grass, but in their Pottage: The Thistle is not given them of nought, for it is the fairest flower in their Garden. The word Hay is Heathen-Greek unto them; neither man nor beast knows what it means.

Corn is reasonable plenty at this time, for since they heard of the Kings comming, it hath been as unlawful for the common people to eate Wheat, as it was in the old time for any, but the Priests, to eat shew bread. They prayed much for his comming, and long fasted for his welfare; but in the more plain sense, that he might

might fare the better: all his followers were welcome, but his guard; for those they say, are like *Paraoh's* leane-Kine, and threaten dearth where-soever they come: They could perswade the Foot-men, that oaten-cakes would make them long-winded; & the children of the Chappel they have brought to eat of them, for the maintenance of their voyces.

They say our Cooks are too sawcy, and for Grooms & Coachmen, they wish them to give to their Horses, no worse than they eat themselves; they commend the brave minds of the Pentioners, and the Gentlemen of the Bed-Chambers, which

chooſe rather to go to Taverns, than to be alwaies eating of the Kings Proviſion; they likewiſe do commend the Yeomen of the Buttery and Cellar, for their readineſs, and ſilence, in that they will hear 20 knocks, before they will anſwer one. They perſwade the Trumpetters, that faſting is good for men of that quality; for emptineſs, they ſay, cauſes wind, and wind cauſes a Trumpet to ſound well.

The bringing of Heraulds, they ſay, was a needleſs charge, they all know their pedegrees well enough, and the Harbengers might have been ſpared, ſithence they brought ſo many Beds with them;

them; & of two evils, since the least should be chosen, They wish the Beds might remain with them, and poor Harbengers keep their places, and do their office, as they return: His Hangings they desire might likewise be left as Reliques, to put them in minde of His Majesty; and they promise to dispense with the Wooden Images, but for those Graven Images in his new beautified Chappel, they threaten to pull down soon after his departure, and to make of them a burnt-offering, to appease the indignation they imagined conceived against them in the Breast of the Almighty, for suffering such Idolatry to enter

into their Kingdom; The Organ, I think will find mercy, becauſe (as they ſay) there is ſome affinity between them and the Bag-pipes.

The Shipper that brought the ſinging men, with their Papiſtical Veſtments, complains that he hath been much troubled with a ſtrange ſinging in his head, ever ſince they came aboard his Ship. For remedy whereof the Parſon of the Pariſh hath perſwaded him to ſell that prophane Veſſel, and to diſtribute the money among the faithful Brethren.

For his Majeſties entertainment, I muſt needs ingeniouſly confeſs, he was received into the Pariſh of *Edenburg*

denburg (for a City I cannot call it) with great ſhouts of joy, but no ſhews of charge for Pageants; they hold them idolatrous things, and not fit to be uſed in ſo reformed a place; from the Caſtle they gave him ſome pieces of Ordinance, which ſurely he gave them, ſince he was King of *Engl.* and at the entrance of the Town, they preſented him with a Golden Baſon, which was carried before him on mens ſhoulders to his Palace, I think, from whence it came. His Majeſty was conveyed by the Younkers of the Town, which were about 100 Halberds, (dearly ſhall they rue it, in regard of the charge) to the Croſs, and ſo

to

to the high Church, where the only Bell they had, ſtood on tip-toe to behold his ſweet face; where I muſt intreat you to ſpare him, for an hour I loſt him.

In the mean time to report the Speeches of the people, concerning his never exampled entertainment, were to make his diſcourſe too tedious unto you, as the Sermon was to thoſe that were conſtrained to endure it. After the Preachment, he was conducted by the ſame Halberds, unto His Palace, of which I forbear to ſpeak, becauſe it was a place ſanctified by His divine Majeſty, only I wiſh it had been better Walled, for my friends

ſake that waited on him.

Now I will begin briefly to ſpeak of the people, according to their degrees and qualities; for the Lords Spiritual, they may well be termed ſo indeed; for they are neither Fiſh nor Fleſh, but what it ſhall pleaſe their earthly God, the King, to make them. Obedience is better than Sacrifice, and therefore they make a mock at Martyrdom, ſaying, That Chriſt was to dye for them, and not they for him. They will rather ſubſcribe, than ſurrender, and rather diſpence with ſmall things, than trouble themſelves with great diſputation; they will rather acknowledge the King

to be their head, then want wherewith to pamper their bodies.

They have taken great pains and trouble to compass their Bishopricks, and they will not leave them for a trifle; for the Deacons, whose defects will not lift them up to dignities, all their study is to disgrace them that have gotten the least degree above them; and because they cannot Bishop, they proclaim they never heard of any. The Scriptures, say they, speak of Deacons and Elders, but not a word of Bishops. Their Discourses are full of detraction; their Sermons nothing but railing; and their conclusions nothing but Heresies

resies and Treasons. For their Religion they have, I confess they have it above reach, and God willing I will never reach for it.

They Christen without the Cross, Marry without the Ring, receive the Sacrament without reverence, dye without repentance, and bury without Divine Service; they keep no Holy-days, nor acknowledge any Saint but S. *Andrew*, who they said, got that honour by presenting Christ with an Oaten Cake, after his forty days fast. They say likewise, that he that translated the Bible, was the son of a Maulster, because it speaks of a miracle done by Barley Loves, whereas they

swear

ſwear they were Oaten-Cakes, and that no other bread of that quantity could have ſufficed ſo many thouſands.

They uſe no prayer at all, for they ſay it is needleſs, God knows their minds without pratling; and what he doth, he loves to do it freely. Their Sabbaths exerciſe, is a preaching in the Forenoon, and a perſecuting in the Afternoon; they go to Church in the Forenoon to hear the Law, and to the Crags and Mountains in the Afternoon to louze themſelves.

They hold their Noſes if you talk of Bear-baiting, and ſtop their Ears, if you ſpeak of

of a Play: Fornication they hold but a paſtime, wherein mans ability is approved, & a womans fertility diſcovered; At Adultery they ſhake their heads; Theft they rail at; Murther they wink at; & Blaſphemy they laugh at; they think it impoſſible to loſe the way to Heaven if they can but leave *Rome* behind them.

To be oppoſite to the Pope, is to be preſently with God; to conclude, I am perſwaded, That if God and his Angels, at the laſt day, ſhould come down in their whiteſt Garments, they would run away, and cry, The Children of the Chappel are come again to torment us, let us flie from

from the abomination of these boys, and hide our selves in the Mountains.

For the Lords Temporal and Spiritual, temporizing Gentlemen, If I were apt to speak of any, I could not speak much of them; only I must let you know, they are not Scottishmen, for assoon as they fall from the breast of the beast their mother, their careful sire posts them away for *France*, which as they pass, the Sea sucks from them that which they have suckt from their rude dams; there they gather new flesh new blood, new manners, and there they learn to put on their cloaths, and then return into their Countries, to wear them

them out; there they learn to ſtand, to ſpeak, and to diſcourſe, and congee, to court women, and to complement with men.

They ſpared for no coſt to honour the King, nor for no complemental courteſie to welcom their Country-men; their followers are their fellows, their wives their ſlaves, their horſes their maſters, & their ſwords their Judges; by reaſon whereof, they have but few laborers, and thoſe not very rich: their Parliaments hold but three days, their Statutes three lines, and their Suits are determined in a manner in three words, or very few more, *&c.*

The wonders of their Kingdom

dom are these; the Lord Chancellor, he is believed; the Master of the Rolls, well spoken of; and the whole Councel, who are the Judges for all Causes, are free from suspition of corruption. The Country, although it be mountainous, affords no Monsters, but Women, of which, the greatest sort, (as Countesses, and Ladies) are kept like Lions in Iron grates; the Merchants wives are also prisoners, but not in so strong a hold; they have Wooden Cages, like our Boar Franks, through which, sometimes peeping to catch the Air, we are almost choaked with the sight of them; the greatest madness

amongst

mongſt the men, is Jealouſie; in that they fear what no man that hath but two of his ſenſes will take from them.

The Ladies are of opinion, that *Suſanna* could not be chaſt, becauſe ſhe bathed ſo often. Pride is a thing bred in their bones, and their fleſh naturally abhors cleanlineſs; their breath commonly ſtinks of Pottage, their linen of Piſs, their hands of Pigs turds, their body of ſweat, and their ſplay-feet never offend in Socks. To be chained in marriage with one of them, were to be tyed to a dead carkaſs, and caſt into a ſtinking ditch; Formoſity and a dainty face, are things they dream not of.

The

The Oyntments they most frequently use amongst them, are Brimstone and Butter for the Scab, and oyl of Bays, and Stave-sacre. I protest, I had rather be the meanest servant of the two of my Pupils Chamber-maid, than to be the Master Minion to the fairest Countess I have yet discovered. The sin of curiosity of oyntments, is but newly crept into the Kingdom, and I do not think will long continue.

To draw you down by degrees from the Citizens Wives, to the Country Gentlewomen, and convey you to common Dames in Sea-coal Lane, that converse with Rags and Marrow-bones

bones, are things of Mineral race; every whorein *Houndsditch* is an *Helena*; and the greasie Bauds in *Turnbalstreet*, are Greekish Dames, in comparison of these. And therefore to conclude, The men of old did no more wonder, that the great *Messias* should be born in so poor a Town as *Bethlem* in *Judea*, than I do wonder, that so brave a Prince as King *James*, should be born in so stinking a Town as *Edenburg*, in Lowsie *Scotland*.

FINIS.

Lowsie Scotland